

"SCIENCE" WILL NOT WORK

Scarcely Applicability, Mrs. Homeworke
Thinks, in the General Field
of Housework.

"No," said Mrs. Homeworke, "I don't believe the new scientific management could be applied with much benefit in housework."

"In factories, or anywhere in any sort of work that was continually the same it might bring great economies, but I don't see how you could apply it to housework."

"In the first place every housewife would resent it because it would seem to be an effort to get more work out of her, and she knows very well that she is doing all she can now. And then it would imply that she didn't know how to do things the best way and she would resent that; for while there may be many different ways of doing the same thing every housewife thinks hers is the best, and it would be impossible to persuade her otherwise; and in fact the probability is that her way, whatever it may be, is the best way for her; she knows by experience."

"Another objection to the application of the so-called scientific management here would lie in the fact that household work is so varied. You can set a tool to cut a certain amount of metal and when you've got it adjusted you can let it cut away all day long; but the housewife in the course of a day's work does not one thing alone, she does forty; she is jumping from one task to another all the time. She is readjusting the strain on her muscles, her outlay of strength almost continuously, and it is doubtful if by scientific or any other manner of doing you could improve on the way she now does these various things automatically."

"So, however it might be in other fields, I don't see how the modern scientific management could be employed in housework advantageously; for the average housewife works now day after day from the time she gets up until she goes to bed at night, and day after day to the limit of her capacity."

Many Memories of English Writers.

At Rose Cottage, formerly occupying the site of the Southwalk town hall, lived Thomas Binney, the hymn writer, and there he entertained Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe during her stay in London. At Rowbotham's academy, hard by Rose Cottage, John Ruskin attended school. In other side streets off the Walworth road were born Michael Faraday and Emily Andrews, afterward Mrs. Coventry Patmore and the inspirer of "The Angel in the House."

Within a stone's throw of Camberwell Green are the birthplaces of Robert Browning and Professor Jowett, while Denmark Hill must always be remembered as the lifelong home of Ruskin. Dulwich, too, has every one knows, is full of famous memories. Byron is said to have attended a school in the neighborhood and Dulwich Woods were the favorite haunt of the youthful Browning.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Hurrying in London.

All Nature loves a lover—and all London loves a Londoner in a hurry. If in London you tell a cabman that you have only seven minutes in which to catch a train—two miles off, he will say, "Yes, sir," and whip up his horse, gallop through a square, taking his chance of a fine if a bobby sees him; he will put his hand to the trapdoor and say: "I think we shall do it, sir,"—and he does do it. He enters, in fact, into the spirit of the thing—it is a sporting matter for him. And it is the same with messenger boys, railway porters, or fellow passengers. I have even made a South Eastern train come in "on time," and catch an almost impossible connection by telling the guard that I was in a hurry.—Ford Madox Hueffer in The Atlantic.

Care of the Icebox.

Most makes of standard ice boxes have instructions for cleaning, pasted on the inside of the lid. For those who have not such an ice box, only one direction is necessary to insure perfect cleanliness. At least once a week scrub your ice box out thoroughly with boiling soap suds in which two or three ounces of washing soda have been dissolved. Be sure that your ice box drain pipe does not run straight into the sewer outlet unless it is provided with a U-shaped safety valve, the water in which protects your ice from contamination by air which might be blown back into the chest from the sewer.

Napoleon's Birthplace.

The Empress Eugenie, a French contemporary says, intends to set up a small museum in the house at Ajaccio where Napoleon was born. At present in spite of the fact that there is little enough to attract a visitor to the town fails to make a pious pilgrimage to the house.

With its green window shutters and yellow painted front there is nothing to distinguish it from the neighboring houses except a marble slab announcing the birth on August 15, 1769, of the man who afterward became Napoleon I. The best preserved room in the building is that which Napoleon, then a young and unknown officer, used to occupy when he visited his family at holiday time.

The Roads of Destiny

BY O. HENRY

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Three leagues, then the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a longer road at right angles. David stood uncertain for awhile, and then sat himself to rest upon its side.

Whichever those roads led he knew not. Either way there seemed to be a great world full of chance and peril. And then, lying there, his eye fell upon a bright star, one that he and Yvonne had named for theirs. That set him thinking of Yvonne, and he wondered if he had not been too hasty. Why should he leave her and his home because a few hot words had come between them? Was love so brittle a thing that jealousy, the very proof of it, could break it? Mornings always brought a cure for the little heartaches of evening. There was yet time for him to return home without any one in the sweetly sleeping village of Vernoy being the wiser. His heart was Yvonne's; there where he had lived always he could write his poems and find his happiness.

David rose, and shook off his unrest and the wild mood that had tempted him. He set his face steadfastly back along the road he had come. By the time he had retraveled the road to Vernoy, his desire to rove was gone. He passed the sheepfold, and the sheep scurried, with a drumming flutter, at his late footsteps, warming his heart by the homely sound. He crept without noise into his little room and lay there, thankful that his feet had escaped the distress of new roads that night.

How well he knew woman's heart! The next evening Yvonne was at the well in the road where the young congregated in order that the cure might have business. The corner of her eye was engaged in a search for David, albeit her set mouth seemed unrelenting. He saw the look; braved the mouth, drew from it a recantation, and later, a kiss as they walked homeward together.

Three months afterward they were married. David's father was shrewd and prosperous. He gave them a wedding that was heard of three leagues away. Both the young people were favorites in the village. There was a procession in the streets, a dance on the green; they had the marionettes and a tumbler out from Dreux to delight the guests.

Then a year, and David's father died. The sheep and the cottage descended to him. He already had the seamstress wife in the village. Yvonne's milk pails and her brass kettles were bright—out! they blazed you in the sun when you passed that way. But you must keep your eyes upon her yard, for her flower beds were so neat and gay they restored to you your sight. And you might hear her sing, as far as the double chestnut tree above Pere Gruneau's blacksmith forge.

But a day came when David drew out paper from a long-shut drawer, and began to bite the end of a pencil. Spring had come again and touched his heart. Poet he must have been, for now Yvonne was well-nigh forgotten. This fine new loveliness of earth held him with its witchery and grace. The perfume from her woods and meadows stirred him strangely. Daily, he had gone forth with his flock, and brought it safe at night. But now he stretched himself under the hedge and placed words together on his bits of paper. The sheep strayed, and the wolves perceiving that difficult poems made easy mutton, ventured from the woods and stole his lambs.

David's stock of poems grew larger and his flock smaller. Yvonne's nose and temper waxed sharp and her talk blunt. Her pans and kettles grew dull, but her eyes had caught their flash. She pointed out to the poet that his neglect was reducing the flock and bringing woe upon the household. David hired a boy to guard the sheep, locked himself in the little room in the top of the cottage, and wrote more poems. The boy, being a poet by nature, but not furnished with an outlet in the way of writing, spent his time in slumber. The wolves lost no time in discovering that poetry and sleep are practically the same; so the flock steadily grew smaller. Yvonne's ill temper increased at an equal rate. Sometimes she would stand in the yard and rail at David through his high window. Then you could hear her as far as the double chestnut tree above Pere Gruneau's blacksmith forge.

M. Papineau, the kind, wise, meddling old notary, saw this, as he saw everything at which his nose pointed. He went to David, fortified himself with a great pinch of snuff, and said:

"Friend Mignot, I affixed the seal upon the marriage certificate of your father. It would distress me to be obliged to attest a paper signifying the bankruptcy of his son. But that is what you are coming to. I speak as an old friend. Now listen to what I have to say. You have your heart set, I perceive, upon poetry. At Dreux, I have a friend, one Monsieur Brill—George Brill. He lives in a little cleared space in a household of books. He is a learned man; he visits Paris each year; he himself has written books. He will tell you when the canon's were made, how they found out the names of the stars, and why the plover has a long bill. The meaning and the form of poetry is to him as intelligent as the ha of a sheep is to you. I will give you a letter to him, and you shall take him your po-

ems and let him read them. Then you will know if you shall write more, or give your attention to your wife and business."

"Write the letter," said David; "I am sorry you did not speak of this sooner."

At sunrise the next morning he was on the road to Dreux with the precious roll of poems under his arm. At noon he wiped the dust from his feet at the door of Monsieur Brill. That learned man broke the seal of M. Papineau's letter, and sucked up its contents through his gleaming spectacles as the sun draws water. He took David inside to his study and sat him down upon a little island beat upon by a sea of books.

Monsieur Brill had a conscience. He flinched not even at a mass of manuscript the thickness of a finger length and rolled to an incorrigible curve. He broke the back of the roll against his knee, and began to read. He alighted nothing; he bored into the lump as a worm into a nut, seeking for a kernel.

Meanwhile, David sat marooned, trembling in the spray of so much literature. It roared in his ears. He held no chart or compass for voyaging in that sea. Half the world, he thought, must be writing books.

Monsieur Brill bored to the last page of the poems. Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them with his handkerchief.

"My friend, Papineau is well?" he asked.

"In the best of health," said David.

"How many sheep have you, Monsieur Mignot?"

"Three hundred and nine, when I counted them yesterday. The flock has had ill fortune. To that number it has decreased from 850."

"You have a wife and a home, and lived in comfort. The sheep brought you plenty. You went into the fields with them and lived in the keen air and ate the sweet bread of contentment. You had but to be vigilant and recline there upon nature's breast, listening to the whistle of the blackbirds in the grove. Am I right thus far?"

"It was so," said David.

"I have read all your verses," continued Monsieur Brill, his eyes wandering about his sea of books as if he conned the horizon for a sail. "Look yonder, Monsieur Mignot; tell me what you see in that tree."

"I see a crow," said David, looking.

"There is a bird," said Monsieur Brill, "that shall assist where I am disposed to shirk a duty. You know that bird, Monsieur Mignot; he is the philosopher of the air. He is happy through submission to his lot. None so merry or full-crawled as he with his whimsical eye and rollicking step. The fields yield him what he desires. He never grieves that his plumage is not gay, like the oriole's. And you have heard, Monsieur Mignot, the notes that nature has given him? Is the nightingale any happier, do you think?"

David rose to his feet. The crow cawed harshly from his tree.

"I thank you, Monsieur Brill," he said, slowly. "There was not then, one nightingale note among all those crows?"

"I could not have missed it," said Monsieur Brill, with a sigh. "I read every word. Live your poetry, man; do not try to write it any more."

"I thank you," said David, again. "And now I will be going back to my sheep."

"If you would dine with me," said the man of books, "and overlook the smart of it, I will give you reasons at length."

"No," said the poet. "I must be back in the fields cawing at my sheep."

Back along the road to Vernoy he trudged, with his poems under his arm.

When he reached his cottage Yvonne was not there. Of late she had taken to gadding much among the neighbors. But a fire was glowing in the kitchen stove. David opened the door of it and thrust his poems in upon the coals. As they blazed up they made a singing, harsh sound in the flue.

"The song of the crow!" said the poet.

Parental Authority.

At the international congress of child welfare, held in Washington, one of the speakers said the fault of letting a child do as it pleases is responsible for corruption, dishonesty, vice, and the low standards of citizenship that prevail in many other quarters. Parental authority is taking a back seat these days. And what has taken its place? Just look at the blandishments around. They have pushed the parent aside—the shows, the sports, the street corners, the flashy novels, the cigarette and the obscene picture and story. Wouldn't it be well, while we are figuring on great reforms, that parental authority be one of them? That is just as important as fresh air, the playground, or the individual drinking cups. In fact, when parental authority goes, everything goes. We might not make a mistake as to what parental authority is. It is not a club, or a straitjacket. It is the child's moral and emotional activities, trained in the right direction by the love and association of the parent. It is the salvation of both parent and child.—Ohio State Journal.

The World's Wonders

4 STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Walpurgis Night Frolics



Though Saint Walpurgis, the West Saxon royal maiden of the eighth century, bore an excellent reputation and is deeply venerated throughout Catholic Europe, her name has become associated with some of the most noted popular superstitions of Germany. Walpurgis night, between April 30 and May 1, was held to be the night when the witches rode on broomsticks and goats to the old places of judgment and sacrifice, in order to enjoy themselves there with their master, the devil. The best known of these witch-hills was the Brocken, the highest point of the Harz, and in these modern days the Germans of the neighborhood go there to spend Walpurgis night in revelry. They wear all sorts of grotesque masks, and at midnight greet the month of May with great clamor.

ROCK DWELLING IN ENGLAND



The rock dwellings of Worcestershire and Staffordshire, in England, have for many years been the subject of investigation and interested comment. Some of them are of modern construction, but most of them are undoubtedly very ancient. One of the latter, near Wolverley, is here pictured. It is still inhabited and makes a charming residence, surrounded as it is with scenery and beautiful silver birches.

RAILWAY RUN BY SAIL

A remarkable railway is that between Antofagasta and Oruro in Chile. An engineer in charge of some important government coast improvements took advantage of the trade winds which prevail in these regions. Finding that during several hours in the morning and evening there was a stiff breeze blowing he had a large number of fair-sized box cars built which not only accommodated the men coming and going to work, but also proved amply sufficient to transport the material needed for construction of the works. Each car is provided with a good sized sail—there is no other propelling force. The speed is regulated by the manipulation of the brakes, and to prevent accident large buffers are provided.

On account of its cheapness and practical worth the idea of sail railways has become popular and a number are now being installed between many small towns along the coast where the trade winds blow with clock-like regularity. The average speed attained by these strange craft is about 30 to 40 miles an hour.

SAVED BY STEEPLE SHADOW

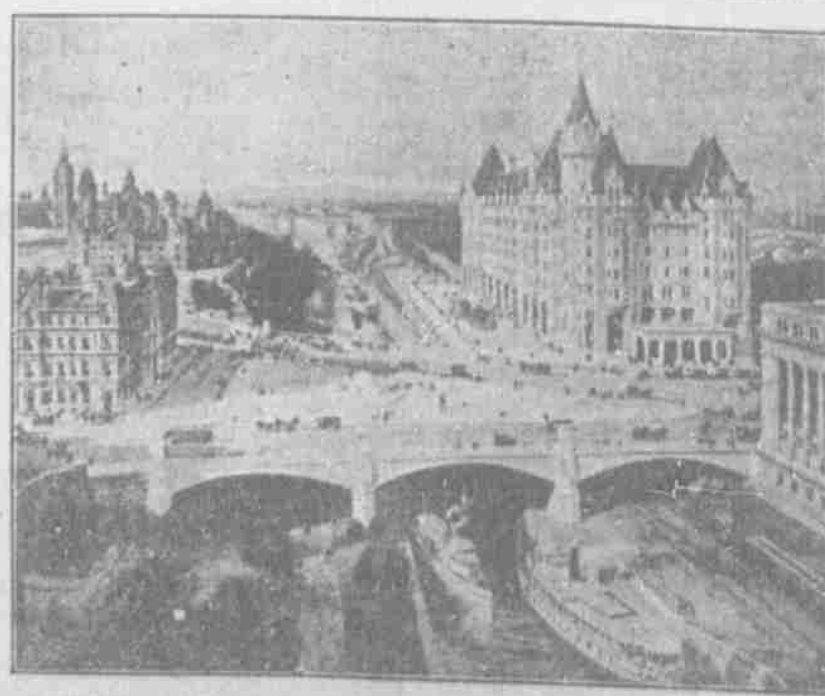
A shadow cast by a church steeple not long ago saved a man from imprisonment for life. Before the Omaha criminal court, Frank Erdman was charged with attempting to kill Thomas Denton, well known in Omaha, by dynamiting his residence. A bag filled with dynamite was discovered on Denton's porch one Sunday afternoon before three o'clock. Two girls

testified to having seen Erdman in that neighborhood about half-past two on that afternoon. They said they were able to recollect the time, as they were returning from a confirmation class. At this time a photograph was taken of the members, among them being the two girls. Attorneys for Erdman called as a witness Father Rigge, professor of astronomy at Creighton university, who was, by the aid of his art, enabled to state that the photograph was made within one minute of twenty-one minutes twenty-nine seconds past three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon. This decision was reached through the position and angle of the shadow of the church steeple. This testimony showed beyond a doubt that the two girls were mistaken in the time they claimed to have seen a man answering Erdman's description near Denton's home, and, since the prisoner had a perfect alibi for all later hours, he was found not guilty of the charge.

PUBLIC MONUMENT TO A PIG

Memorials to dogs are not uncommon, but Lunenburg is probably the only town to boast of a public monument to a pig. A conspicuous object in the entrance to the town hall of Lunenburg is a granite pedestal surmounted by a glass case. Inside the case is a ham, withered almost to nothingness, and in the pedestal a slab of black marble inscribed in letters of gold: "Passerby, here you behold the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the springs of Lunenburg."

Ottawa as Seen by Artist



G. Horne Russell, a well known British landscape painter, has recognized the beauties of Ottawa, the capital city of the Dominion of Canada, and has painted a picture of that city, here reproduced, which has been hung in the Festival of Empire exhibit in the Crystal Palace at London.

QUEER SIGHT IN A CEMETERY

The residents in the vicinity of a cemetery in West Rosbury, Mass., have been greatly puzzled of late on seeing each night six bright lights in a cluster in the center of the burial ground. Finally an investigation was made, and it was learned that Nicholas Garoflo, an Italian, had hired the cemetery superintendent to place six lighted lanterns on the grave of his wife, who died about a year ago, every night until further notice. In explanation, Garoflo said that a while ago he dreamed his wife came to him in a vision and asked for lights.

"She needs the lights to aid her on her way to heaven," said Garoflo, "and as I cannot afford candles, and they might blow out, I have hired the six lanterns there."

BURGLAR'S FATAL RUSE

A remarkable fatality occurred at Paris the other day, which has caused much sensation. Receiving a telegram signed Carre, director of the Opera Comique, announcing the sudden death of their daughter, Mile. Ganther, a well-known singer, the parents of the girl, left their home on the Riviera, distracted with grief, and caught the midnight train to Paris. Making their way to their daughter's home they were amazed to hear a familiar voice within. A moment later they were face to face with her whom they had come to bury. The mother, an aged lady, fell down dead on the spot.

The telegram had been sent, as events turned out, by a burglar who, during the Ganther's absence, rifled the villa at Antibes.

GUARDIAN ANGEL OF HANOVER



For many years there have existed in the streets of the old city of Hanover a number of curious cast-iron statues. Each is an angel holding in its lap a box and soliciting from passers-by alms for distribution among the poor of the city. Considerable sums are collected by these angels every year.

KING'S WEIGHT IN GOLD

There is a strong feeling among the Indian community of Calcutta that the Hindu ceremony of tulsi—weighing the king against masses of silver and gold, which will afterward be distributed to the poor—should be performed when his majesty is in the city. It is estimated that the cost of the ceremony, including the weight of gold and the necessary entertaining, would not be more than \$100,000, which could easily be raised.